

· MARCH 1921 ·

Little Folks

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a year

S. E. CASSINO CO.,
SALEM - MASS.



Edith F. Butler

FOR YOUR PLEASURE AND AMUSEMENT

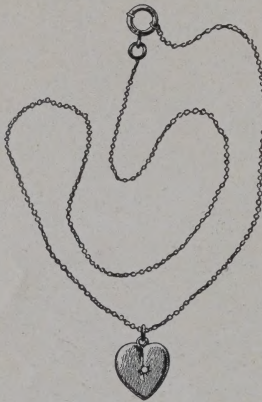


DENNISON'S DOLLS AND DRESSES

The little girl who adores paper dolls is missing a real treat if she doesn't own one of these extra fine sets, which contains three jointed dolls and the material for making quantities of dresses, not just a few. There are eighteen beautiful dresses with hats to match, stamped upon real Dennison crepe paper, and in addition there are nearly a dozen sheets of plain color and checked tissue and crepe paper, not to mention patterns, an envelope of buttons and two bunches of cut paper for trimming purposes, as well as hat forms and flowers for trimming them. A book of directions comes with the set, and with this and a fashion magazine what fun you can have designing beautiful and original frocks for the dollies. It will teach you, too, how to design your own dresses later on.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to **LITTLE FOLKS**, postpaid. Cash price, 65c.

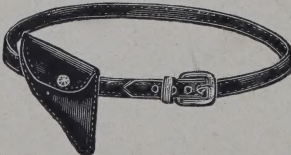
LOCKET AND CHAIN FOR BABY



This little gold-filled chain with its wee heart-shaped locket is just the right length and size for baby's soft little neck. The locket has a tiny pearl in the center. As a gift for some dear little baby you love, nothing could be daintier and prettier. And, you know, unless it's a ring or baby pins, a locket and chain like this is usually baby's first piece of jewelry.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to **LITTLE FOLKS**, postpaid. Cash price, 60c.

A REGULAR COWBOY HOLSTER



Indians and buffaloes and cowboys! Of course you enjoy them all. What boy doesn't? Haven't you often wished you could be a cowboy, and hunt buffaloes and see real Indians with their war-paint, and feathers and everything? Well, perhaps you can't do that, but you can be a pretend-cowboy, anyway, and here is a **REGULAR COWBOY HOLSTER** of tan imitation leather, with clasp fastening, and fringed edges. Contains a cap pistol for shooting all the play Indians and buffaloes you wish. Ammunition (single caps) may be obtained in most cities and towns.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to **LITTLE FOLKS**, postpaid. Cash price, 40c.



GAMES BOYS WILL LIKE

WELFARE FARM is a cut-out game, which is to be set up for play. You will find the animals, their barn, the farmer and his boy all ready to be cut out and arranged in the farm-yard. You can play all sorts of farm-games with them.

WORLD'S WORKERS is an interesting game. There are cards on which are printed the pictures of policeman, cobbler, fireman, grocer, miller, farmer, blacksmith, and carpenter, and with each is an appropriate verse. An envelope of crayons comes with the set, and with them you may color all the cards.

WELFARE ZOO is another unique cut-out, containing animals usually found in a zoo, and cages to put them into. This game has a puzzle feature for the animals must be recognized and matched up before they can be put into their cages—and even the caging is an unusual process, as you will see when your Zoo reaches you. Show pennants, and a large supply of tickets are included with the set, so that if Mother will make you some pink lemonade, and see that you have some buttered popcorn, and if you will make a tent of a shawl on two chairs or any other good way you know, you can invite your friends in to a real circus or an animal show.

HAV-A-LUNCH is lots of fun. You twirl an arrow, and wherever the arrow stops you take the dish named in the space as belonging to your lunch. More than that, each dish has a score number, and the total of the numbers you succeed in scoring wins the game for you or some other player. You can have all you want to eat, and some of you will think that you must have uncommonly large appetites to eat all the things your menu calls for.

THUMP is another good-fun game, in which you snap a colored shooter at a rebounding board. If your snap is good your shooter will bound back into a circle bearing a number, which is your score for that play. Of course, the one reaching a certain total score first wins the game.

SUNLIGHT GAME is somewhat similar, except that scores are arrived at in a rather different way, all explained in the directions for playing.

Your choice of any four of these games will be given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to **LITTLE FOLKS**, postpaid. Cash price, each, 15c.

Do your Xmas Toy Shopping early, by mail, with Little Folks, Salem, Mass

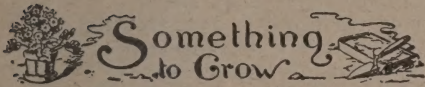


SOMETHING IMPORTANT

HAVE you joined the Home Guard? Cousin Constance is enrolling new members every day, all anxious to be Honor Guards. She wants *you*, too!

Be sure that Father and Mother read "Something for Fathers and Mothers, on page 255.

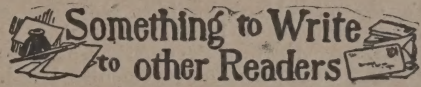
What sort of stories do you like best? Do you like fairy tales, or animal stories, or nature stories, or stories about make-believe boys and girls who are almost real, or stories which tell you how to make and do things? When you write to the Letter Bag, won't you tell us the sort of stories you like best, so that we can make Little Folks just the sort of magazine you enjoy most?



A SUMMER HOUSE OF ROSES

ONE day last summer I saw a very pretty idea in a friend's garden. This was a most delightful little house, that one could sit in, formed entirely of roses. When I was there the walls and the roof were simply a mass of pink blooms and the whole thing seemed almost too good to be true. My friend told me that these rose houses are easily and quickly formed. All you need to do is to get some strong growing roots of any of the ramblers roses. Then you mark out a rough circle on the ground where you are going to have your house. This might measure five or six feet across. Right in the center put a stout upright perhaps six or seven feet in height. You must now plant out your roses round the outside of the circle. It is well to support the long shoots with stakes so that they will not drag on the ground. Keep them well tied up and as soon as any shoot becomes long enough tie it at the tip to the top of your pole. If you go on doing this you will quite soon find that you have roofed in your house with the shoots. Remember, roses grow very quickly indeed, and it will not take long to complete the rose house. You should train the shoots in and out so as to get them to grow quite thickly and give you a roof and walls that will be shower proof. I am sure you will be pleased when you have finished your rose house and it will, of course, keep on getting better from year to year.

S. Leonard Bastin.



CORRESPONDENCE REQUESTS

Grace Graves, Wendell, N. C., would like to hear from some one who lives in Florida.

Hazel Weeks, 1614 West 17th St., Topeka, Kansas, would like to hear from a little girl in Calif.

Eleanor McCormick, 36 Oakland Place, Summit, N. J., would like to hear from a little girl who lives in Wyoming.

Ruth Raymond, Greensburg, Kansas, would like to hear from someone in the east.

Lydia Russell, Bonham, Texas, would like to correspond with a little girl in the west. Address her in care of the Fannin Co. Nat'l Bank, Bonham, Texas.

Edith Eels, Gibson, La., would like to hear from a little girl in the north.

Hazel Vivian, Mineral Point, Wis., would like to hear from a little girl down south.

Margaret Hatfield, Bowling Green, Ohio, would like to hear from girls in Wyoming.

California Harris, Greenview, Calif., wants very much to hear from a twelve-year-old girl from either Texas or Arizona.

Evelyn Bradford, 15 East Lafayette St., Ottawa, Ill., would like to hear from an eight-year-old Massachusetts girl.

Bernard S. Whiting, Jr., Vernon, Ariz., would like to hear from children between the ages of eleven and thirteen.

Ray Wilhelm, eleven years old, and Andy Wilhelm, thirteen years old, of Vernon, Arizona, would like to hear from children their age.



Something From Far Away

The Letter Bag



Hickory Plains, Ark.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have read you ever since I have been big enough to read. I am eleven years old and am in the seventh grade. In music I am in the third grade and I take piano lessons once a week. I have one brother thirteen years old, but no sister. Brother takes music lessons also, and we go to school together. We live near Little Rock on a ranch of 1,280 acres, where Papa raises pure bred Shorthorns and Poland Chinas. A good-sized river flows along our land where we, as well as many strangers for miles and miles around, go to fish. We have very, very large trees on our land. One cypress tree is six feet thick and 78 feet to the first limb. A large saw mill is sawing lumber on our land. All our land is leased for oil. Many airships pass over our place and some fly so low that we can see the men in them. Northwestern Arkansas is very rough and has poor improvements, but this part has fine improvements and the land is level for miles and miles. The climate is very fine, and the most beautiful flowers bloom out of doors the biggest part of the year. Last Christmas Mother and I gathered a big bunch of roses in the garden. I wish all of you who can would write me a letter. I will answer all I can.

Lillian Bollenbach.

Long Beach, Calif.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a girl twelve years old. I have been taking Little Folks a long time and like it very much. About a year ago I was given a pair of lovebirds for my birthday. They are light green and have long, dark blue tails and little yellow heads. They are about the size of a robin. They have bills like a parrot, and are related to the parrot. They do not talk, but just chatter. I named them Jackie and Betty. Sometimes Jackie is very cross and scolds Betty, but usually they are very loving and scratch each other's heads. Jackie is usually the one that chatters the most. The way I tell them apart is that Betty is much smaller than Jackie, and his beak is blue and Betty's is brown.

I go down to the beach quite often and now the clams are very thick. The clams here are very different than they are on the Atlantic coast. They are very small, about the size of a small bean, and people call them "bean clams." I went down and got some once, and Mother cooked them, but I did not care for them at all.

Worth Kidder.

Lakeville, Conn.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade. My sister Marion, who is seven years old, takes you, and we both like you very much. She likes "Peter Rabbit" very much, and I like the other stories. We go to school every day we can, and wouldn't miss for anything. I have two certificates for perfect attendance all the year. I have never been late. We have a very nice school near the center. I am very much interested in birds. Among some I have seen are these: red-winged blackbird, American goldfinch, meadow-lark, indigo bunting, bluebird, robin, head-headed woodpecker, nuthatch, bobolink, songsparrow, warbler, blue-jay, oriole, flicker, junco and peeper. I have seen some of the prettiest deer around here. We have some very pretty woods right below my house. Boys often camp there. We always have a large garden. Last summer my sister and I had a garden alone, and it was fun working in it. I won second prize at the fair on my tomatoes. I sold my carrots and beans. Right near our house is a drill field where the Home Guards drill. In Ore Hill, a place near here, they mine iron ore. We have some chickens and two cats. My sister's cat's name is Teddy, and mine is Breeches. My box number is 10. I hope to hear from some of you soon.

Elizabeth Bartle.

Modesto, Calif.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have read the letters in the Letter Bag and I enjoy them very much. I am ten years old. Last winter I was in an automobile accident and had to have my limb taken off. I was in the hospital five weeks. One of my friends brought me Little Folks to read. I liked it so much that I subscribed for it. I have sixteen dolls, some Japanese dolls, an Indian doll, an Eskimo doll, and many paper dolls.

Louise Maxwell.

Bend, S. D.

Dear "Little Folks":—I sincerely hope that those who answered my letter and who were not answered in return will not feel offended, because so many readers wrote to me that it was almost impossible to answer them all. Thank you for the many letters you wrote me, especially the little girl of eight.

Alice L. Ham.

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Just Before the Sandman Comes

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The distinguishing feature of the RAND McNALLY Books for Children is that each embodies a commendable teaching of some sort; amusing, naturally, but instructive; — entertaining of course, but educational. Therein lies the secret of the success of RAND McNALLY Juvenile Books.

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SOMETHING TO LOOK FOR OUTDOORS

BY JOSEPHINE AMES BAKER

THE fairies and all the other little folk who have Mother Nature's work in their care are always very busy, you may be sure. In the spring the little workers help open the buds and uncurl fern-fronds; in summer they paint flowers in delicate tints and fill them with fragrance; in autumn the leaves must be colored before they fall and millions of seeds must be packed in their little cases, while in winter the Frost Fairies have their busy season.

These last workers turn the tiny drops of moisture, which are in the cold air above the clouds, into snow-crystals. They form the beautiful six-petalled ice-flowers. They cover our window-panes with lace-work of

delicate pattern and decorate everything out-of-doors with the glistening white flowers of the hoar-frost. Truly, the gardens of the frost-king seem more delicately beautiful than summer's wonderful display.

The next time it snows, catch a few falling flakes on something dark, your coat-sleeve, perhaps, and see what a beautiful, perfect jewel each one is. And when you go skating on the lake, remember that every bit of the ice is built up of six-rayed star-flowers which you can see for yourself when the light is right. As for the beautiful work of the hoar-frost helpers, if you are out early enough you will find wood and field and rock transformed by their magic into beds of glistening bloom.

SOMETHING TO COLLECT

La Porte, Ind.

Dear "Little Folks":—I like best to collect pictures of birds and stories of birds. I also like to collect books and other pictures. I live at 1407 Monroe St., and I would like to have other readers write me about what they collect.

James G. Hupp.

Greenville, S. C.

Dear "Little Folks":—I want to tell you that one of my best collections is that of different kinds and colors of colias.

Kathleen McCoin.

Lincoln, Neb.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am fourteen years old, and interested in collections. I had a beautiful collection of rocks but lost it. I am very anxious to get another one, and also a collection of flowers and shells. I have also a collection of bark and leaves. I would like to hear from any girls interested in collections, especially those living near the seashore. My address is 634 A Street.

Dorothy Henkelmann.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE,

Salem, Massachusetts.

Dear Boys and Girls:

A great honor has fallen upon me—I have been chosen to write a letter to you all from the Premium Room Toys. It is not that I am not perfectly worthy the honor that has been given me—indeed, I don't know another toy with half my letter-writing ability, though I am far too modest to confide this to anyone but you. When I have finished, I am sure you, too, will feel that the Premium Room Toys were wise in their selection of a representative.

We, the toys for whom I write, live in a big room at Little Folks Magazine, or perhaps I should say we stay there until such time as you want us. There are hundreds of us, all perfectly happy and always looking our best and smartest, so that when the Premium Room clerks, who fill your toy orders, come to get any of us, we may be among those chosen for our fresh and attractive appearance. No self-respecting toy would be willing to go into a new home looking tired or ill.

Our Premium Room is like a big toy-shop—the sort Mother takes you to visit at Christmas-time; but we consider ourselves rather superior to those toys which show themselves only for a short while during the year. We have heard that they are not a good-natured set, and that all they want is to find homes at Christmas-time, after which they don't care in the least whether or not they do anything to deserve their homes. We hope this isn't true, but we can assure you that we Premium Room Toys have no intentions of being broken or put away or tired of in just a little while. We are not that sort of toys, and I say it with proper pride, for myself and all my friends.

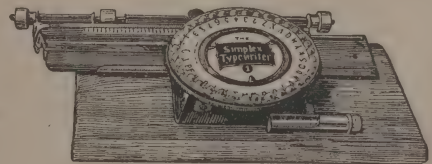
Much as we enjoy our home here, we cannot feel that we are fulfilling the purpose for which we were made unless we have a boy or a girl to belong to us. Every toy likes to own a boy or a girl, or several of them. Perhaps you never thought of that. So, of course, our ambition is to find the boys and girls we want to own. There is something curious about that. The boys and girls have to choose us first. They can't come into our Premium Room and say, "I want that toy." They see our pictures in a book, with our descriptions, and choose us that way; and as soon as we know we have been chosen, we make the Premium Room Clerks understand that such a boy and such a girl is ours, and no other toy will do in our place.

The boys and girls to whom we go enjoy us much more than they do ordinary toys, because they earn us. I suppose you know already that there is more fun in having things you earn than in having things simply bought or given to you? In our book of pictures—our photograph-album, we call it—it tells how many subscriptions to Little Folks Magazine each of us is worth, and all you have to do is to show your friends copies of the magazine and take their subscriptions at \$2 a year. If that isn't the simplest way you ever heard of earning anything, the Premium Room Toys would like to hear about it—certainly it is, for anything as well worth owning as we are. It is not conceit that makes us say this, only simple fact.

Little Folks Magazine will send you sample copies to distribute among your friends so that they can see what a good magazine it is, and if you will send for our photograph album—asking for a Premium List—you will be able to choose as many of us as you want, and have us by sending in your friends' subscriptions. They, too, can earn us in the same way, among their friends. Don't neglect to ask for sample copies. They will help you to secure the subscriptions you want in shorter time. Besides, Little Folks is such a good magazine that just telling your friends how good it is can't do it justice; so give them a copy and let them discover it for themselves. They will want it for themselves after that.

I hope you will remember that we are all looking for our boys and girls, and some of us have already chosen you. You will never be sorry if you, in turn, choose us! And may I whisper in your ear not to forget me? I am one of the very best!

Yours, in behalf of the Premium Room Toys,



SIMPLEX TYPEWRITER



MOTHER HOLLY STARED AT THE GOLD-PIECE

LITTLE FOLKS

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No. 5

THE ROAST GOOSE

BY GEORGE GAUNT

AS Tom Holly, the woodcutter, went swinging along on his way home, one night, hungry for supper and wondering what the birds overhead might be chattering about, his eye fell upon a gold coin lying in the dust of the road.

"Aha!" said Tom, as he snatched it up. "Here's a piece of luck!"

He brushed the dirt from his prize, carefully tied it up in his red neck-cloth, and hurried home to his wife and babes—and supper, too, for he was very hungry.

When he got to the little high-roofed house, and saw two or three plump faces looking out at the criss-cross window-panes, he could not wait, but shouted for them to come out and see what he had found.

His wife came first, shading the flickering candle with her hand. She was called Mother Holly, though she was not old and she *was* quite pretty. She stared at the gold-piece a moment and then glanced hurriedly about, to see that no thieves were lurking near.

"Come into the house," she whispered, and drew Tom over the door-sill.

Once inside, the whole family—Mother, two children and black, silent cat—drew close to Father and asked questions—all the family except the grandmother, who was called Goodie and wore a cap, although she was not very old; she sat quietly by the fire and listened.

Soon they began making plans. Mother Holly thought the gold-piece would buy this and that—I don't remember what. The children clamored that it would buy something else; I don't

remember what, and they never knew. They were just shouting words. The cat kept his thoughts to himself. (I don't know the cat's name. Doubtless his mother gave him one when he was born, but the Holly family never found it out.) But Tom, who was very hungry, could think of nothing but the smell of frying fish, waiting to be put on the supper table, and he thought it would buy a grand dinner.

"A roast goose at the inn," said Tom. "That's the very thing."

Then they all sat down to eat, highly pleased and excited, with their fortune in the middle of the cloth. The grandmother was pleased and excited too, but she had decided to be old years ago and habit kept her from saying much. And besides, she could not help thinking that the gold-piece belonged to somebody else, who had lost it.



WITH THEIR FORTUNE IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE TABLE

As it happened, there was no work the next day, which was the day of a saint. (No work for Tom, that is. Somehow Mother Holly kept busy.) Tom declared

it was most fortunate. They would have their great dinner at the inn.

"But we must ride," he said. "We can never go to the village on foot like ordinary folk."

So he walked to the house of a peasant who had a cart, and hired the cart for all day. He gave up his gold-piece in payment, and got back five silver ones for change.

All the family were dressed up in their Sunday clothes, even Goodie, for she had decided to forget she was so *very* old, until to-morrow. And they all clambered into the cart and made off for the High Road, which was at some distance, over beyond the Park. They jogged along through the frosty air, crossed the stone bridge above curling stream and blue-green fish,

and ere long saw the village spread out before them like a noble old picture.

Once arrived there they got out and waited for Tom to take them to the inn. But he had something else on his mind.

"We must have some new clothes," he said. "We can never go to the inn like this."

So they went to the draper's and bought shawls for the women; somewhere else, and bought hats for the children; still another place, and bought top-boots for Tom. The shawls, and the hats, and the boots together cost two pieces of silver.

"Now we are all right," said Tom. "We will go to the inn."

But they didn't. As they were passing the village green they saw a tent, inside of which a tumbler was doing marvellous things with his arms and legs.

"We must go in," said Tom.

He only had to pay a few copper pence for admission, and that was very cheap. But as he was getting change from his silver



A TUMBLER WAS DOING MARVELOUS THINGS



TOM HIRED THE CART FOR ALL DAY

piece, someone jogged his elbow and the money scattered among the crowd. Strange to say, Tom did not find it again. But he was light-hearted and gay, anyhow, and they all walked into the tent without making a fuss.

By the time the tumbler had finished they were thinking hard of the roast goose. And so they hurried off to the inn, this time in earnest. But on the way, they fell



THE MONEY WAS GONE

in with some people who were chasing a pig. Now Tom was always eager to help his neighbors, and he liked to run, and he *knew* that no pig could get away from *him*; so he began running, too. He did very well for a time and even gained on the pig. But the toes of his top-boots were a trifle long and more than a trifle awkward. He suddenly tripped up and fell sprawling in the dust.

The other people ran on, laughing, but still remembering the pig, and Tom got up slowly and painfully, brushing off his clothes.

"Nothing shall stop me again," he vowed, as he rejoined the family. And sure enough, they walked right up to the door of the inn without any more delay.

Tom put his hand into his pocket to get out his money, in case the inn-keeper should want pay in advance, and would you believe it? The money was gone! He had lost it when he fell in the road!

They all went back to look for it, but each one, Goodie especially, knew it was gone forever. A complete search of the spot where Tom had left his imprint in the dust was only decent and right, but they decided the money was completely and finally lost, beyond hope of recovery, even before they began hunting it.

So the roast goose flew high over their heads, leaving a smell of luscious gravy in their woefully disappointed nostrils.

There was nothing for it but to go back home, and home they went. The children were hungry and cross and sleepy; Tom was utterly ashamed of himself; Mother Holly was sorely puzzled about the supper which would be expected of her when they arrived; and Goodie felt very, very old once more, and very loath to meet the cat without having his promised wishbone.

It was a dismal little party that rumbled and jolted along the road in their hired cart. The oldest child, who was always pleased with beautiful things, noticed that the green countryside was yet more lovely by evening light than it had been early in the morning, but somehow there was no happiness and no promise in it, and whereas the morning rooks had been chattering, "Gold-piece! Roast goose!" those who were now flying home to their nests were saying, "Hungry! Hungry! Hungry!"

As they neared the Park a great noise of wheels was heard from behind, and in a moment the Baron, who lived in the Park and had *millions* of gold-pieces, went thundering by in his carriage. Tom pulled off his hat in greeting and all the others bobbed their heads. They had scarcely finished this polite ceremony when the oldest child cried out that the baron had lost something. Sure enough, he had; there lay a fat bundle in the road, just ahead.

You know what it was, don't you? While Tom hurries out to pick it up, and peeps inside the wrapping, you are saying: "Roast goose!"

But it wasn't a *roast* goose. It was a goose, all right, and a fine one, but nobody had cooked it. I daresay Mother Holly could do that!

Of course Tom carried it up through the Park to the Hall and gave it to the Baron's cook. And of course, the Baron's cook, who was a nice man, gave it back to him for a present and a reward for his honesty—just as Tom expected him to do. And of course Tom ran home with it to his waiting family, and they had roast goose after all.

This is about the end, except that the oldest child, who always looked for beautiful things, found both happiness and promise in the dancing kitchen fire that roasted the goose and cast flecks

of ruddy light upon the cat, who calmly waited for his wishbone.

THE TANGLE SONG

BY FRANCES McCOOL

ONCE there was a little girl
With soft and curly hair
That her mother combed each day
With gentle touch and care;
But because it snarled a bit
She cried both loud and long,
And her mother made for her
A funny tangle song:

"The naughty Pull in this lock of hair
Is old Father Pull, I do declare!
And old Mother Pull, she's lurking here
In the lock that's over the little right ear;
And down in the middle between them, maybe
Are hiding the Baby Pulls—we'll see! we'll see!"

And while she was singing,
With brush and with comb
The Pulls were all driven
Right out of their home,
And into their places
Slipped curl after curl—
And wasn't she lovely,
This dear little girl!



SUSIE ANN OPENED THE BIG FRONT DOOR

SUSIE ANN AND THE FLEXIBLE FLYER

BY ELIZABETH ABBOTT

SUSIE ANN went down the slippery, icy front steps, down the slippery, icy garden path to the gate, and then she stopped. And then she turned about and went up the garden path and up the front steps to the front door.

"Oh my! what's the good of playing outdoors when you have to keep on the path all the time?" sighed Susie Ann. "There isn't a single thing to do 'cept walk up and down!"

Susie Ann brushed herself off very carefully but there wasn't much snow to brush off, because, you see, she had not gone off the garden path. Then Susie Ann opened the big front door and peeked in.

"Mother," she called. "Mother." But nobody answered.

"Oh dear!" said Susie Ann. "I do wish I had a sled and could go coasting!"

And then Susie Ann went into the house and looked for

Mother. She looked in the living room, but Mother wasn't there. And she looked in the dining room, but Mother wasn't there. And then she went upstairs into Mother's room, and there was Mother sewing a pretty pink dress for Susie Ann.

"Oh, what a pretty color," said Susie Ann.

"Why, Susie Ann!" exclaimed Mother. "I thought you were playing outdoors!"

"But there isn't anything to do outdoors 'cept walk up and down. That isn't any fun, all alone," pouted Susie Ann.

Just then Big Brother Ben came clattering into the room. "'Bye, Mother!" he said.

"Why, where are you going?" asked Mother.

Coasting!" said Big Brother Ben. "It's great on Pudding Hill."

"Oh, Mother, can't I go coasting with Ben?" said Susie Ann. "I'd be so careful and I wouldn't bother him at all—not a tiny bit!"

"Well," said Mother, "if Ben will promise to take very good care of you, I think you may go."

"Oh goody, goody!" cried Susie Ann.

"Have you a sled?" said Big Brother Ben.

"No-o," said Susie Ann, "but I thought—!"

"Wait a minute," smiled Mother, and she went out of the room. In just a little while, she came back, and what do you suppose she had?

"Oh! oh!" cried Susie Ann jumping and jumping. "Oh—a Flexible Flyer, just like Brother Ben's, only littler!"

"Yes," said Mother, "a Flexible Flyer! It used to belong to Big Sister Emily, but I think she'd like Susie Ann to have it now."

"Oh, thank you!" said Susie Ann. "Shall we go now, Ben?"

"All right, come along!" And Ben and Susie Ann went out of doors and up the street to Pudding Hill, Big Brother Ben dragging his big Flexible Flyer, and Susie Ann, dragging her little Flexible Flyer.

When they reached the top of the hill, there were a great many big boys, and a great many big girls coasting down. But

there were some little girls just about Susie Ann's age. They were coasting down a little slide, beside the big one.

"You'd better coast on this little one, Susie Ann," said Big Brother Ben. "And stay right around here, so that I can find you when it's time to go home." And Big Brother Ben went off with some big boys.

Susie Ann looked at the slide and then she looked at her sled.



"OH DEAR! ARE YOU KILLED, TRUDY?"

"My," said Susie Ann, "that looks steep!" She was a little scared, oh, just a very little! "What if I should tip over?" thought Susie Ann.

But she sat down on her sled and gave a teeny, tiny little push and away she went! Whiz-zip went the wind past Susie Ann's face. And z-z-z-z went the snow beneath the shiny runners. And down the hill flew Susie Ann on her Flexible Flyer, as fast as fast could be. And Susie Ann wasn't scared a bit. She liked it!

The sled stopped in front of a little red house. And standing

at the gate of the little red house was a little girl—just as big as Susie Ann was.

"Hello," said Susie Ann. "Isn't coasting fun?"

"Oh, yes," said the little girl.

"Have you a sled?" asked Susie Ann.

"Oh, yes," said the little girl.

"Would you like to coast with me?" said Susie Ann.

"Oh, yes!" said the little girl, joyfully, running out into the road.

So up the hill trudged Susie Ann, and the little girl, dragging the sled behind them.

"What is your name, little girl?" asked Susie Ann.

"Trudy," said the little girl. "What's yours?"

"Susie Ann," said Susie Ann.

When they reached the top, Susie Ann and Trudy tucked themselves on the sled, and Susie Ann gave a big, strong push, and away they went down the hill. But this time they didn't go whiz down and stop at the little red house. No!—they went zip-bang! and tipped right over into the cold, cold snow.

"Oh, dear!" sputtered Susie Ann. There was snow in her mouth and in her eyes. "Oh, dear! Are you killed, Trudy?"

"No, I guess not," said Trudy, "but there's snow all down my neck!"

"There's snow down my neck, too," said Susie Ann. "It's very uncomfortable!"

"Let's go in my house and get dried off," suggested Trudy.

"Yes, let's!" said Susie Ann.

So Susie Ann and Trudy went into the little red house. Trudy's mother was very kind. She took off their coats and hung them up on a chair before the stove. And then she gave Susie Ann and Trudy each a big red apple and four big sugar cookies and told them to sit before the fire in the sitting room fire place.

And just as Susie Ann was taking a huge, enormous bite out of her next-to-last cookie, she heard someone calling "Susie Ann! Oh, Susie Ann!"

"There's Big Brother Ben!" said Susie Ann, stuffing the rest of the cookie into her mouth and running to the front door.

"Ben, Ben," she called. "I'm coming!" Trudy's mother helped Susie Ann put on her hat and coat and rubbers.

"Thank you very much," said Susie Ann politely, "I've had a very nice time."

And then she took her little Flexible Flyer and ran to Big Brother Ben.

"Thought I told you to stay around," said Big Brother Ben.

"Oh, but I've had such a good time!" said Susie Ann. "A little girl named Trudy—!"

"Oh, well, hurry up now!" said Big Brother Ben. "It's 'most lunch time!"

So Susie Ann and Big Brother Ben hurried home to have lunch for they were both very, very hungry—even after the cookies!

RAINDROPS

BY CORA GASKILL ALBERGER

LITTLE Pit and little Pat
Come out in stormy weather;
They chase each other down the pane
And then run off together.

AN INQUIRY


BY CORA GIBSON HAMMOND


IF one little dog had a piece of meat,
And another little dog had, too—
How many pieces had both little dogs?
Now who can this problem do?




The Wonderful Journey of Peter and Little Dog Trip




4







HIGH-HO! Peter and little  Trip were so high up on the






they could almost touch the  in the sky. "We will run down on the other side," said



But dear, dear, when they came to the edge, the  was as steep as the side of a  ! "Whatever shall we do now?" cried  . We never can get down the




 ! "Trust me," said  . Then "Yap, yap!" he barked, and hurry-scurry, two little 
















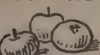



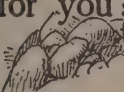
came flying to see what was going on, and big Mother  came flying after them. "Dear,



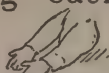



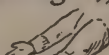



dear," she scolded. "Father Eagle has gone to market with his  to buy  and  and

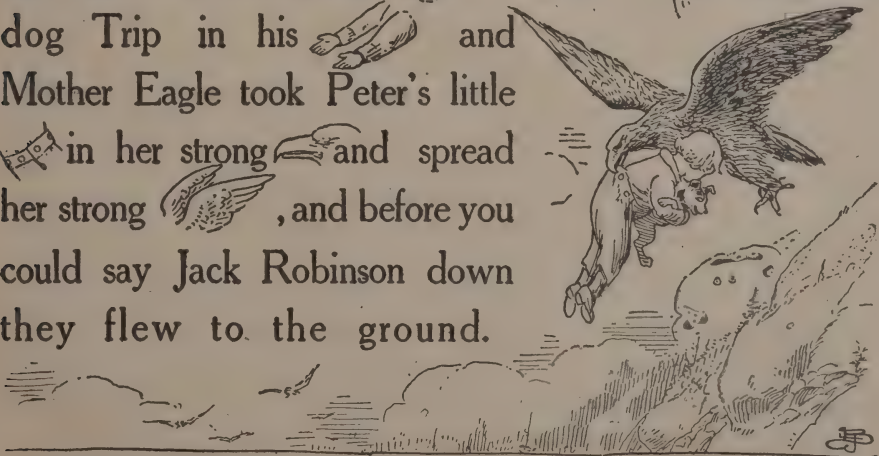
 , and  and  for dinner, and I have made the  and swept the  and boiled

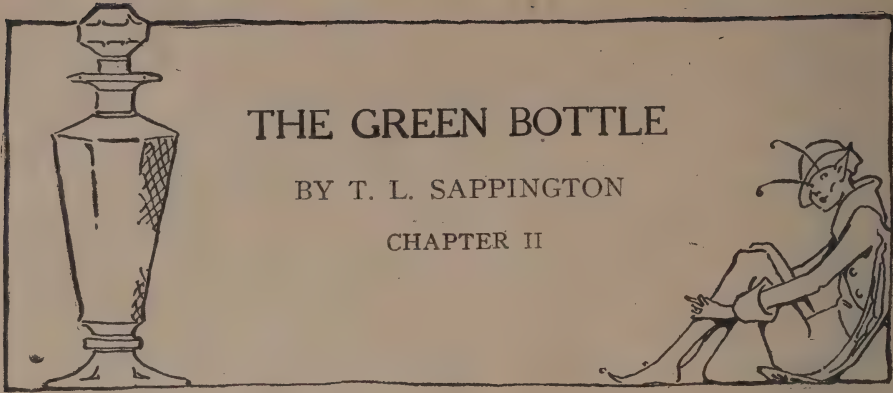
the soup-  and now I want to take a nap before Father  comes home and these noisy children won't let me shut my eyes!" "Well, well!"

said  . "But my master here can tell stories like a  and I can play tricks like a  .

Do you go and take your nap and we will amuse the children." Then away went Mother  and and Peter told the   stories like a book, and  stood on his  and walked on his hind  and played  with a  till the   tumbled head over heels for joy. And when Father Eagle came home with his  and the  and the  and the  and the  and the  for dinner. Mother  had had her nap and was as bright as a new . "One good turn deserves another," said . "What can I do for you?" "Why, we'd like to get down from this ,

"said . "Nothing easier," said . "Let Peter take you in his  and I will take his little waistband in my strong  and take you down on my strong ." So  took little dog Trip in his  and Mother Eagle took Peter's little  in her strong  and spread her strong , and before you could say Jack Robinson down they flew to the ground.





O H!" exclaimed Tommy in astonishment looking at the strange scene before him.

And no wonder, for Fragrant Fairyland Laboratory is in the exact centre of Fragrant Fairyland, which is shaped like a five pointed star with the blue sky in between the points. And if Fragrant Fairyland was wonderful, the Laboratory was equally so, being nothing more or less than an immense ball of crystal with not a sign of a door or a window. When you wanted to go inside you just walked up to the crystal ball and melted through it; that is, you did if you knew how. Of course Professor Smellgood knew, and Tommy, being with him, had no trouble getting in, either.

"Now," said the Professor, as soon as they were in his study, "here is where your education commences." He laid his hand on a sort of golden clock or indicator, studded with many colored knobs, in the middle of the apartment. "This is my atmosphere adjuster," he said. "Each knob represents a period in the art of perfume making. For instance, if I turn this blue knob you will be taken back over the years and the centuries to the days of the ancient Romans, and will see the sort of perfumes they used, and which of course *I* made for them. Isn't that astonishing?"

"I should say it was," replied Tommy, "but not any more than the way you've managed to make yourself so much larger. I can't see how you ever did it. Why you weren't as high as the top of my shoe before."

"Well, I'll tell you about that," said Professor Smellgood,

"if you'll promise not to laugh. You see, it's a sort of joke on you. *I* am not a bit larger. It's you that are smaller. You used to be about three feet tall; now, you're only about three inches. It happened the minute you entered Fragrant Fairyland. Understand?"

"Three *inches!*" gasped Tommy. "Why—why, I don't like that at all. What will my folks say when I go back home? Why—why, it's awful! Anybody could—could step on me like—like a bug! It's just awful!"

"Pooh!" said Professor Smellgood. "Nothing of the sort! It's perfectly natural. If you were three or four feet tall you'd be stepping on *us*, but now being all of a size we can't step on each other. As for getting stepped on when you go back home, that is another matter. In the first place wait until you *get* back home, and in the second place when you get there and people try to step on you, assert yourself; kick up a row; insist on your rights, and they won't do it. Indeed if bugs weren't such stupid things and stood up for their rights more, *they* wouldn't be stepped on either. It's all in knowing how to look after yourself."

"I see," said Tommy, rather dubiously. "Well, I'll remember what you say when I get back, but anyway my mother won't like it at all. Why—why none of my clothes will fit or—or anything."

"For goodness sake," said Professor Smellgood, "do stop fussing about your clothes. The chances are when you get back home you'll be so famous you'll be above clothes. So get your mind off such trifling matters and come with me to ancient Rome."

Placing his hand on the blue knob, he gave it a twist, and *bing*—an archway opened in the side of the Laboratory and before them stretched a pathway made of some sparkling stuff that yielded slightly as they stepped on it, and made Tommy feel as though he could walk forever. Down this path they went until they came to another archway where a dark blue curtain hung.

"Here we are," said the Professor. "This is the magic



"HERE WE ARE," SAID THE PROFESSOR. "PREPARE FOR
A SURPRISE."

curtain that leads into the past, so prepare for a surprise. Of course I'm used to it, but to anyone who has not seen it before, it is quite entertaining."

With that he pushed aside the curtain and there before them lay Rome in all its gorgeousness. Temples reared themselves in the sunshine; through the streets tore chariots; and here, there and everywhere wandered the multitudes chattering, and stopping at the gaily decorated shops to barter for what they wanted. And stranger than all, everybody and everything was of a size with Tommy and Professor Smellgood.

"You see," said the Professor, "you can't make perfumes of the past unless you keep the atmosphere. That is why we still preserve in Fragrant Fairyland the life of an age that has long since crumbled to dust. Look out! Look out! That chariot will run over you!"

Just in time he snatched Tommy aside as a youth with ribbons bound about his head, tore past, driving four horses abreast.

"He wouldn't care whether he killed you or not," said the

old gentleman. "He's one of the blue bloods. He uses a jar of marjoram every day for his hair alone. Then we have to provide enormous quantities of rose leaves for his bath, and a peculiar incense for his garments. I tell you, he keeps us busy. And when the emperor gives a feast—phew! Maybe we don't have to hustle. Perfume for the wines; aromatic spices of all kinds to burn in the lamps; even the fans that the slaves use must be heavy with iris. And all the time roses, and roses, and roses, must be showered down on the guests. How would you like that?"

"Well," said Tommy, "it seems an awful lot of trouble to go to to make a person smell nice."

"True," said the Professor. "But you see, they were such a bad lot they wanted to be nice in *some* way."

By this time Tommy and his guide had come to a huge circular building. "This is the circus," said the old gentleman.

"The circus!" exclaimed Tommy, excitedly. "Oh, let's go in! I love the circus!"

"I'm very sorry," said Professor Smellgood, "but I can't possibly spare the time. I have so much to do to-day. Suppose you go in, and meet me at the curtained archway later. And in case you should get into trouble, just keep this stone in your pocket, and press it if you have to. But only in case you really need to." He handed Tommy a smooth blue stone. "Good bye!"

So Tommy, thrilling all over, went into the Roman circus, and looked about for a seat. But no matter where he looked all the seats seemed to be occupied; that is, all except some seats under a purple canopy at one end of the arena. Therefore Tommy, afraid that the show would begin, hastened there and took his place on some cushions on a stone bench where he could see fine.

Ta ra! Ta ra! Ta ra! The trumpets began to play. Fountains, concealed in the sides of the arena, spouted scented water into the air. All the people in the seats stood up and shouted something, and Tommy stood up and shouted also, only he shouted "Hooray!" And then, marching straight up the stairs

toward the canopy under which Tommy sat, came a magnificent procession consisting of soldiers in shining helmets, beautiful ladies in many colored robes, and gaily dressed chaps like the one who had driven the chariot. And then last of all, a huge, fat man dressed finer than all the others, with a wreath of flowers on his head and a squint in his eyes. When he got to where Tommy was he stopped short and stared at him. Then he gave a bellow of rage.

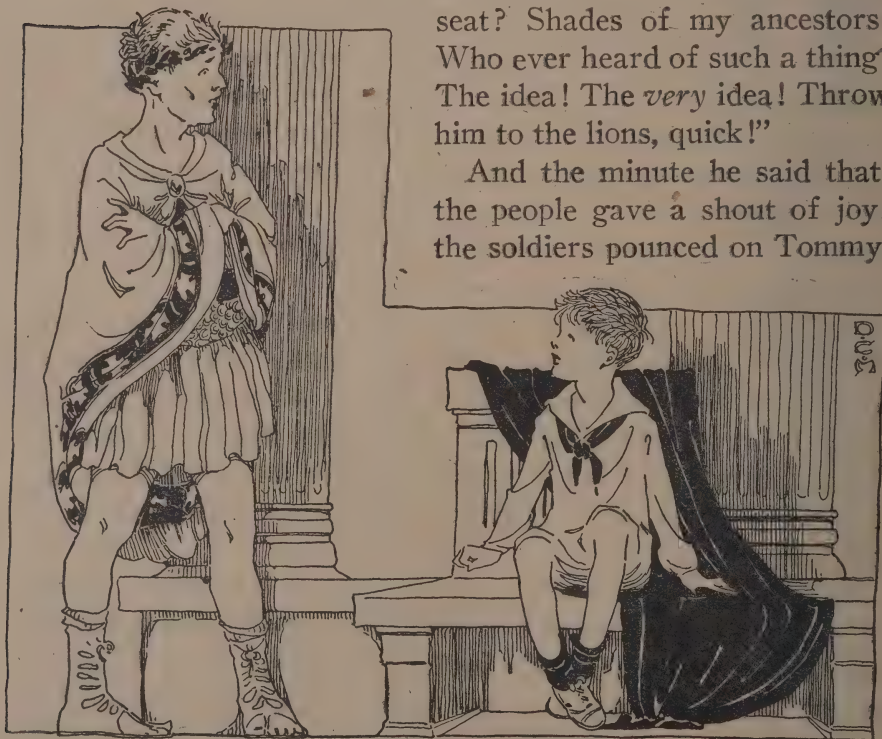
"What the—how the—" he bawled. "Get out of my seat!"

Tommy stared in his turn. "*Your seat!*" he said, stoutly. "No such thing! I got here *first!* I *won't* get out!"

And when he said that all the grand persons about him, and all the people in the circus, looked as though they couldn't believe their ears, after which they gave an awfully dismal sort of groan, and shuddered, and shuddered.

"What!" bellowed the Roman Emperor again—for it was he—"You won't get out of my seat? Shades of my ancestors! Who ever heard of such a thing! The idea! The *very* idea! Throw him to the lions, quick!"

And the minute he said that, the people gave a shout of joy; the soldiers pounced on Tommy,



"GET OUT OF MY SEAT," HE BAWLED.

and chanting one, two, three, tossed him over the railing into the arena below. Clang! went the gates of the wild beasts' cages as they were swung open, and out upon the glittering sands sprang lions, and tigers, and bears, growling and snarling, and hungry as they could be.

Now picture Tommy, if you can. There he stood all alone in the center of that immense circus with bears, and tigers and lions making for him as fast as they could. Is it any wonder his hair stood up straight, that his teeth chattered, and that his rosy face became as pale as a sheet? No, no, a thousand times no! Nor is it any wonder that just as the lions, and tigers and bears were about to spring upon him, he took to his heels and tore around and around the arena with the whole collection after him.

And while he was doing it the populace cheered and cheered, and shouted praises of the Emperor for having provided them with such an unexpected exhibition. Not a single person in all the tiers of seats seemed in the least sorry for Tommy. All they seemed to want, was to see the wild beasts eat him up, and it looked very much as though the wild beasts would do it, for Tommy's breath was getting shorter and shorter, and his knees very, very wobbly. And then, just as a big, shaggy bear nipped at his heels he remembered the stone Professor Smellgood had given him. Plunging his hand into his pocket he pressed the stone with all his might. Instantly the lions, and tigers, and bears stopped in their tracks as though frozen stiff, their growls and snarls stuck fast in their throats. The Roman Emperor, who



THERE HE STOOD ALL ALONE IN THE
CENTER OF THE CIRCUS

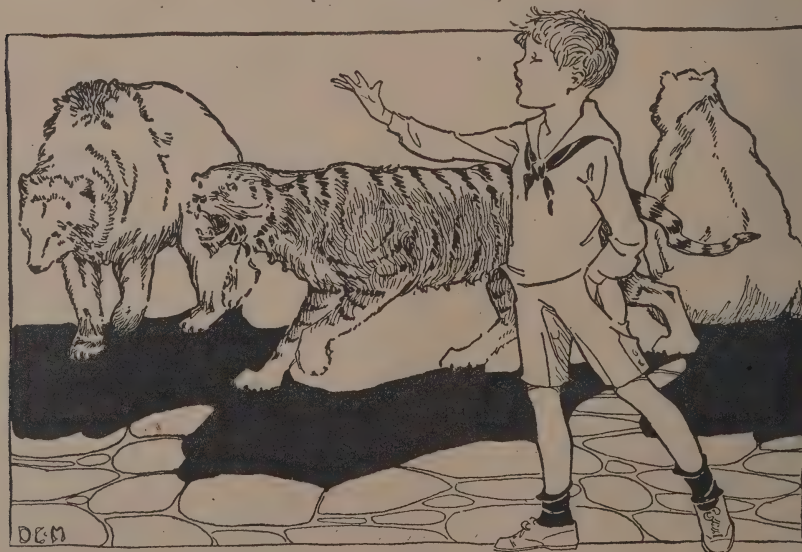
had been leaning over the railing smacking his lips in anticipation of Tommy's finish, sat upright with a jerk, and all the people in the seats did the same thing. As for Tommy, he was awfully astonished, but then, too, he was awfully pleased.

"Gee whiz!" he said to himself. "This stone is great stuff! Nothing can hurt me now."

So walking up to the lions he pulled their tails; then he kicked the tigers in the ribs, and finished up by punching the bears on their noses. After which he turned to the audience and kissed his hand, and maybe they didn't cheer him. "E Pluribus Unum," they screamed, and where before they had turned their thumbs down they now turned them up; and the more they did it, the madder the Emperor looked, for *he just hated Tommy*, but, of course, he didn't *dare* do a thing to him *now*. For Tommy, having gotten the best of all those lions, and tigers, and bears, had become a popular idol.

However, Tommy didn't care about being a popular idol or anything else. All he wanted now was to get back to the curtained archway, and the Professor. So though the populace yelled to him to wait a moment while they sent for some more lions, and tigers, and bears, he wouldn't do it, but walked out of the circus, and down the street as fast as he could.

(To be continued)



TOMMY KISSED HIS HAND TO THE AUDIENCE



MOTHER BLACK BEAR BADE BOXER CLING WITH ALL FOURS

WOOD FOLK OF LONE LAKE

BY ALLEN CHAFFEE

Author of "Twinkly Eyes," etc.

Illustrations by Peter Da Ru

CHAPTER XI.—THE FRESHET

IT had indeed been a cloud-burst! It had flooded the streams and sent poor Twinkly Eyes off over the muddy waters with his arms clasped tight about a floating log. And Beaver Brook ran as full and as fast as Rapid River, and Lone Lake had waves like the ocean.

Fortunately for such of the wood folk as had been caught too near the rising waters, the streams were full of floating logs. But unfortunately, the logs were piling up on one another and that made rafting dangerous. The little bear had received one knock on his head that had raised a fearful welt, and he had to balance like an acrobat to keep a-top his log. On every side was the grinding of one piece of drift-wood against another, as they bumped and scraped together in their mad rush down-stream.



THE TURTLE'S EYES GLEAMED EVILLY AS SHE CLIMBED ABOARD ONE END OF THE RAFT

Mother Black Bear whimpered anxiously as the waters rose to the floor of her cave at the head of the brook. Then she called to her cubs—the wee, velvety fellows—and taking the tiniest one, Bluff, in her mouth, paddled out of the dripping cave and up the bank.

Dropping him into the crotch of a low-branching tree, she turned to bring Boxer, the larger cub. But already the water had risen so high that he had floated out into the stream. After him she plunged, fearing every instant he would sink.

She grabbed him by the back of the neck, swung him to her back with one calculating twist of her head, and bade him cling with *all fours*.

Back up the bank she scrambled for Bluff. Then, taking him in her jaws, she made for a hollow tree, whose opening, about two feet from the ground, had not let the water in. There she crouched, covering the two wet, shivering mites with her own warm body, as she thrust her shoulders into the opening, by way of shutting the door.

She would lick them dry with her rough, cat-like tongue; and they, being husky wild-wood babies, would suffer no ill effects.



BALDY, THE EAGLE, AND MRS. BALDY WERE TERRIBLY WORRIED

But Mother Black Bear's family was not the only one that got flooded out of house and home. The Otters' nest was flooded, too, and Father and Mother Otter each had to take a pup in their jaws and swim with them to a bit of drift-wood—where Mrs. Otter promptly set to work to nurse her babies, who were mewling hungrily.

The Musk-rats, too, had been drowned out of their villa, their muddy little hay-stacks of houses having filled with water till their owners had to climb out the chimneys with their ratlets in their jaws. There were so many ratlets, too! At any other time it would have made Twinkly's mouth water, but their common danger had called a truce. Each drenched animal was too anxious about coming through alive to think of food.

Snapper, the turtle, minded the freshet less than any of the Wood Folk whose homes had been around Lone Lake. She was almost like a fish, she could stay under water so long. And when the waves tossed her against the floating logs, her hard shell protected her from bruises.

Twinkly tried his best to paddle his log in another direction

when he saw Snapper coming, but it was no use. The current was too strong for him, and the turtle's snaky eyes gleamed evilly as she climbed aboard one end of his raft. It was the rear end. Twinkly promptly turned himself about, preferring to float backward in order that he might face her, for he did not trust her. She eyed him crossly, thinking of her eggs hidden in the sand. They would now be drowned unhatched. And she remembered the little affair with the Pike—for which, unfairly enough, she blamed Twinkly Eyes. The latter decided to keep a weather eye out for a better log.

The little black ducks had to leave their eggs and go swimming away to safety, but Mrs. Mink, whose home in the hollow stump was now many feet under water, was so busy trying to keep her one surviving minklet afloat on a drifting branch that she never once thought of trying to harm them.

Father and Mother Lotor, the raccoons, peered anxiously from the hole in the hollow chestnut tree, as the lake rose higher and higher. For whimpering and whinnying inside were the four little 'coons, their wee faces marked with the same black patch as Father's and their striped tails ringed with the family trade-mark. With their hand-like paws they scrambled up the inside of the tree-trunk, and clinging to their parents' backs, took turns peeking.

Across the arm of the lake, across the disputed fishing grounds, Ringtail and Mrs. Ringtail, the other family of raccoons, peered at the Lotors, calling greetings and encouragement, their little quarrel forgotten in their common plight.

Frisky Fox had made for his cave on the ridge the moment he knew that a storm was coming, and Fleet Foot, the doe, and her fauns always slept on a hilltop, so that they were safe enough. But Mephitis, the skunk, and cross old Mr. Badger and their families were flooded out of their underground dens and had to scramble up the hillside, "madder than wet hens," as the saying goes.

"I'm thankful for one thing," said Twinkly Eyes. "I'm glad it isn't Mephitis on the other end of my log. I'd much rather it were Snapper."

Baldy, the eagle, and Mrs. Baldy were worried, the rain was beating so hard into their nest on Mount Olaf. A little more, and the great structure would be washed away, and the featherless eaglets not able to fly. The parent birds took turns sitting with oiled wings tight spread over the frightened youngsters, their eyes gleaming in the lightning flashes. Between the volleys of thunder that echoed from peak to peak, they uttered despairing screams. Even the Ospreys, whom they robbed so mercilessly, would have been sorry for them now, for they were just as worried over their own nest in the tree-top down by Lone Lake.

There were myriads of field mice who were washed out of their tunnels and into the lake before ever they could scramble up-hill to safety. These now swam for their lives everywhere about Twinkly's raft, some of them actually climbing aboard. He would have found breakfast an easy matter if he had been hungry; but the truce held. It was life and death for everyone.

The only soul of all that throng of refugees who remained calm and indifferent was Unk Wunk, the porcupine, whose hollow quills floated him comfortably amidst the excitement.

(To be continued)

I QUITE FORGOT TO THANK YOU, SUN

BY ANNETTE WYNNE

I QUITE forgot to thank you, Sun,
For all the hours of day;
It would be very hard if we
 Could have no light to play;
And how could we be merry
 If you, Sun, stayed away?
But that's the way with children:
 Sometimes the good things done,
We quite forget to think about—
 Oh, thank you, Pleasant Sun!

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY

BY SOPHIE SWETT

CHAPTER VIII.—THE WRONG MONKEY AND THE PUMPKIN

THE Philibeg band went on playing just as if the Pekoe Guards and half of the Pekoe boys and girls were not waiting to find out whether the missing drum was there at the bandstand. Billy Boy had thought up a nice little speech to make when he asked the question, but when the music had only come to a "rest" and the conductor was still waving his stick, little Philly Drinkwater called out, in a high, piping voice that could be heard far and near:

"Say, mister, have you got our drum? We want our drum!"

All the Pekoe girls and boys were mortified by Philly's bad manners, especially the girls, and Philly's big sister, Mary Jane, put her new flowered sun-bonnet down over Philly's head, the crown side in front, and shut him up like a jack-in-the-box. When the tune had been really played to an end, and the leader had sat down, and the players had drawn long sighs and wiped their faces, and the people had quite done cheering them, then, Billy Boy stepped upon the stairs of the band-stand, just far enough for his head to be seen by the band.

"Gentlemen, I am Captain Billy Boy Pekoe of the Brown Guards," he said firmly and with only the least little shake in his voice.

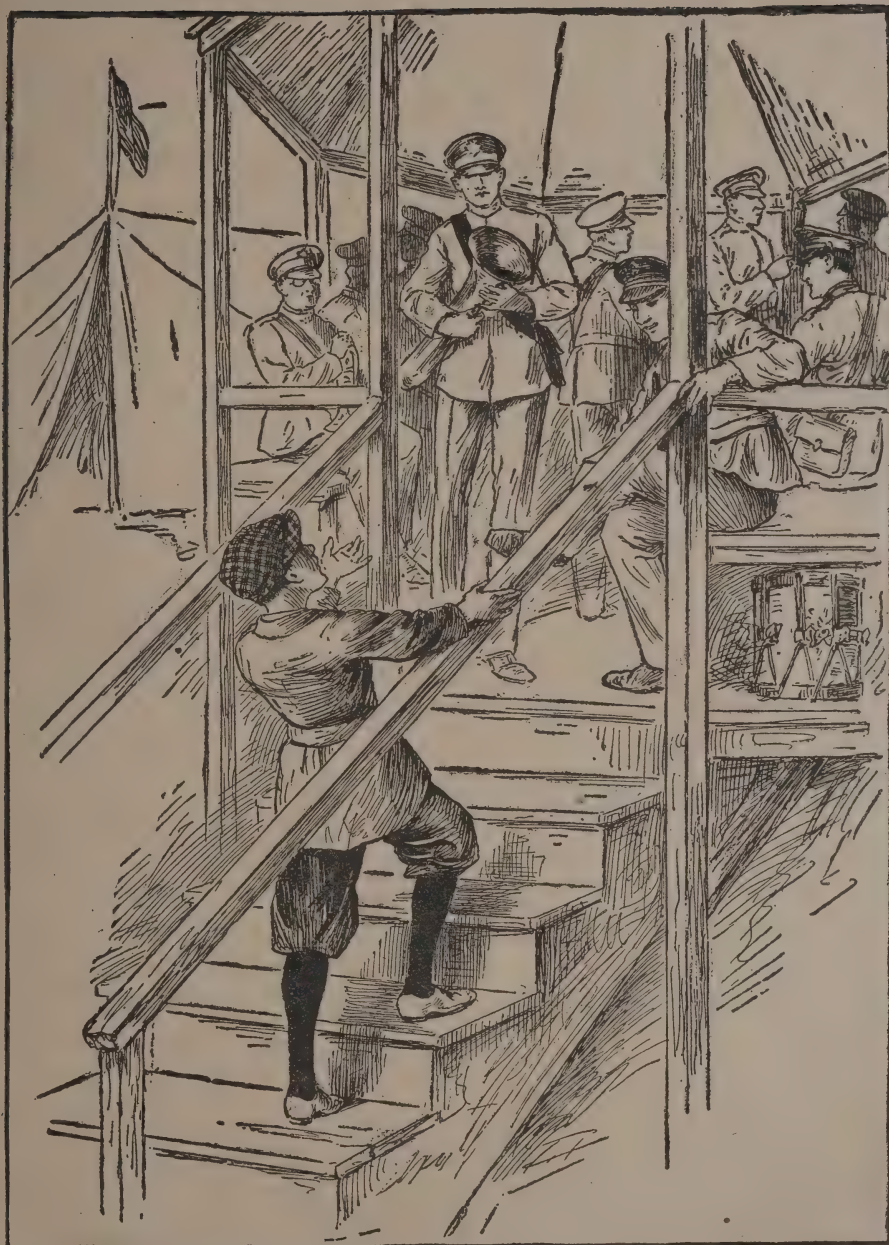
He was determined not to let his voice shake. Bee had told him to be sure not to, and he did not know that he had said it "hind side before" as he was apt to when he felt very bashful, until Bee, below him on the stairs, gave his leg a pinch.

"I am Captain Billy Boy Brown of the Pekoe Guards," said Billy Boy firmly, "and—and my drum has lost its company—"

"Lost its company? Ha! ha!" cried a big voice. "And its Company was a monkey with a yellow cap, wasn't it?"

There was Pinky Jones' father laughing at them.

"I mean my Company has lost its drum," said Billy Boy, in a very dignified way.



"I AM CAPTAIN BILLY BOY BROWN," SAID BILLY FIRMLY

"Oh, have you found the monkey with the yellow cap?" cried Bee. For Pinky Jones was with her father, and she came hurrying to speak to Bee.

"We've only found that he went away in a wagon!" said Pinky sadly. She looked as if she had been crying. "It was in the street in Gobang. Someone saw him run away from his master who was beating him. He climbed into the back of a farm-wagon and his master didn't see where he went. Then the farm-wagon drove away and we don't know where it was going! There is no way to find out! I shall never see my dear Yellow-Cap again!"

"You—you may have half of *him*!" said Bee generously, pointing to the monkey that was perched upon the pumpkin.

Pinky Jones' face brightened a little. "Anyway, we will always be friends," she said, putting her arm around Bee's neck.

Pinky Jones' father was talking with the leader of the band, and the musicians were talking together. No one paid any attention to Billy Boy until he said again in a loud and firm voice:

"Was a drum belonging to the Pekoe Guards sent here by mistake?"

"That's it. 'Twasn't a joke, 'twas a mistake," said the big drummer, looking pleased. The men all talked together about the mistake and wondered where their big drum was, and Billy Boy waited politely for them to get ready to tell him where the Guards' little drum was. But Philly Drinkwater had escaped from Mary Jane's sun-bonnet and ran up the steps of the stand with clenched fists. "Give us our drum, will you?" he shouted.

"We would, sonny," said the leader, "but we sent it back to Gobang by express."

There was a chorus of disappointment from the Guards.

"If it was marked 'For Exhibit No. 3,' of course they couldn't know that it was ours," said Billy Boy reasonably. "We shall find it at the express office in Gobang. Or we can telephone to the office and have it sent to us."

As there was a telephone at one of the fair buildings this was done at once; and then the Pekoe boys and girls were ready to have a merry day at the fair.

They meant to see all the sights. Sometimes they were all together, sometimes they divided into groups. Peter Plummer wanted to see the huge oxen, the largest that were ever raised in this country, and Danny Frazar longed to ride in an automobile and find out what made it go. Susie Pringle wished to see the prize butter made into roses and lilies, and Viola Green cared only for the swings and flying-horses.

So it happend that some went one way and some another. And everyone who rememberd Orlando Pew and the great pumpkin and the monkey thought that someone else knew where he was! But the truth was that not one of the Pekoe boys or girls knew what had become of Orlando or the big pumpkin or the monkey, until they heard a very strange story.

A very tall cross-eyed young man had driven one of the automobiles off the grounds and gone nobody knew where.

That was Orlando! Bob Brown said so at once. Orlando was as honest as daylight, and would surely come back with the automobile.

They ran to the vegetable exhibit, Billy Boy and Bee and Pinky Jones, with some others who had heard the news.

There was the great pumpkin! There was no mistaking that. It was all by itself on a table. Orlando must have carried it there before he drove off in the automobile.

But where, oh, where, was the monkey?

"Have we seen a monkey? Well, I should think we had seen too much of him!" That was what one of the saleswomen said, sharply, in answer to Bee's question. "He raced all over this table and changed the tags on all the goods, so now we don't know who owns any of them."

"That's the one!" said Bee. "He's always in mischief!"

The great pumpkin moved a little on its table, although no one touched it. It rolled from side to side. As it rolled, a great hole was to be seen in its shell, and suddenly from it the monkey popped out his head!

Into the hole popped the head again and over rolled the pumpkin. Everyone was speechless with surprise.

"It seems more like something in a fairy-book than in the Philibeg fair!" said Bee. "It certainly *was* a whole pumpkin!"

(To be continued)



MOTHER'S HELPER.

BY MATTIE LEE HAUSGEN

I DRY the dishes, shine each plate
While pets beside me patient wait.
Like mirrors are pie pans of tin;
They show my face and curls within.

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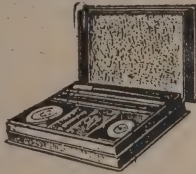
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SOMETHING FOR YOUR PARTY

SOAP-BUBBLE TENNIS

BY B. W. ELSOM

THE children at Henry's party had been having a fine time telling jokes and guessing riddles. At last, however, they grew tired of sitting still, and Henry said:

"Can't you give us some active game now, Mother, so that we can stretch our legs a little?"

"Yes," his mother answered. "I know a game none of you have ever played. I know it will give you plenty of exercise and excitement, too. I call this game 'Soap Bubble Tennis.'"

Henry's mother went out, leaving all the children guessing as to what was in store for them. Soon she returned, carrying a tennis net, a clay pipe, and a bowl of soapsuds. She fastened up the tennis net so that it stretched across the room, with its top edge about five feet from the floor. She then divided the children into two equal groups, and stationed these groups or teams on opposite sides of the net.

"The team on this side," she said, "we will name the Reds, and that on the other side the Blues. I will be the umpire of the game. I am going to blow soap-bubbles, and throw them into the air above the net. Then each team must try to blow the bubble across the net into the territory of their opponents. The opposing team will, of course, try to blow it back again. Every bubble that bursts in the territory of the Reds will be a point in favor of the Blues, and every one that bursts on the Blues' side will score a point in favor of the Reds."

Then Henry's mother dipped the pipe into the soapsuds, blew a big bubble, and sent it sailing up in the air above the net.

My, what a merry time followed! The boys and girls crowded up to both sides of the net, and there was a great deal of puffing and blowing, not to mention the peals of laughter, as the bubble went sailing first toward one team and then toward the other. At last the bubble touched one of the Blue players, and burst into a spray of tiny drops.

"That is one point for the Red team," laughed Henry's mother, as she began blowing another bubble. Soon another glistening bubble was sent sailing back and forth across the net, until finally it burst, this time on the Reds' side of the net.

"One point for the Blues," cried Henry's mother. In this way the game went on, first one side winning, then the other. As soon as each bubble was broken, Henry's mother blew another.

When at last the game was finished, it was found that the Reds had won by a score of 18 to 14. Each of the players on the Red team was given a little box of chocolates as a prize.

"My, but that was fun," said one of the girls. "I have never seen soap bubbles that were so large or lasted so long. Did you have some secret way of making them?"

"Yes," replied Henry's mother. "A long time ago I learned the way to make the best soap-bubbles, but I will gladly tell the secret, so that you can all make bubbles that are just as strong and big."

"You must first cut up a small piece of castile soap, about the size of a walnut, into fine shavings, and put these into a pint of water. Heat this gently until the soap is dissolved. Allow this solution to cool, and add about three-quarters of a pint of glycerine."

"Shake this mixture in a bottle, and allow it to stand. At first it will be clear, but later the liquid will become white and cloudy. After a day or two, you will notice that all the white, cloudy portion has risen to the top, and the liquid below is clear."

"Now pour off the cloudy top part, and use the clearer bottom part for blowing your bubbles. You will be surprised at the strength and size of the bubbles you can blow with this glycerine liquid. If you set one of these bubbles on a soft woolen fabric, away from all draughts of air, it will often last for hours."

SOMETHING TO INTEREST YOU

DID you know that Chinese boys use their sleeves as a pocket for toys and sweets? They do. A Chinese boy has very long, baggy sleeves, and, as there is plenty of room, he stows his treasures away in them, just as we put ours into our pockets.

Besides sleeves, most Chinese boys have a big pocket in the front of their red pinafores, and this pocket is also a storehouse for bits

of string, tops, coins and, especially Chinese candy.

Of course, Chinese boys like nuts, melon seeds and pieces of sugar-cane, as well as many other things we would not think of eating.

The poor Chinese boy has very few toys. They are mostly simple figures of animals and men, made either of clay or paper.

Dear Happy Children of America:

LITTLE FOLKS is planned for your happiness, but I know you do not want to be carelessly happy when there are children in the world who are so poor that they have nothing to eat.

Across the ocean there are over three million little children who will have no food this winter, and will die of hunger unless American people feed them.

Can you imagine how hard it would be to be very hungry and not have anything to eat? I can't.

Please don't think that you are too little to help. Ten cents will buy food for a boy or a girl for a day. A dollar will feed a child a month. Ten dollars will feed a child until next year, when its own country will probably be able to care for it.

So here is a way you can get the best sort of happiness; share whatever money you have given you in the next few weeks, or whatever you have saved for your own pleasure, and buy food for a hungry little boy or girl.

You may send any amount, no matter how small or large, to *THE EUROPEAN CHILDREN'S FUND*, % *Franklin K. Lane, Guaranty Trust Co., New York City*, or to

"Samuel E. Cassino," % Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass.

All the money that comes to us in this way will be used to buy food for hungry children and you may know that you have possibly saved a child's life.

Yours for happiness,

Samuel E. Cassino.



Things Other Boys and Girls Have Made



MATCH-SCRATCHER

Cut a piece of cardboard about 8 inches deep by five inches wide. Cut a strip of sandpaper about 1 inch deep by 4 inches wide. The strip from a match-box is all right to use. Paste this strip on the lower end of the piece of cardboard, the long edge at the bottom. Next cut out a pretty picture from a magazine, either a colored one, or one you can color yourself, and paste that at the upper end of the cardboard, in the center. If you want to make your match scratcher more elaborate, print or write a verse suitable for the season under the picture. Or, instead of a verse, you can paste on a tiny calendar pad that will cost not more than three cents. A border colored in around the verse and sandpaper is quite artistic, if you are careful to select a color that matches the colors in the picture. This makes a useful gift for any member of the household, but especially for the busy mother.

Mary Hurd, Holland, Mass.

A NEW SORT OF AEROPLANE

I know all the boys like to make aeroplanes, so I will tell you how to make one. Take a shingle and break it an inch wide and about three inches long. This is your upper wing. Now make another just like it for your bottom wing. Next take a clothespin and fasten your upper wing to it, using a brad or tack and nailing the piece of shingle just back of the head of the clothespin. Nail your other wing to the under side of the clothespin. Make a tiny propeller about an inch long and nail it to the head of the clothespin, and you have your aeroplane.

Robert Packwood, Creston, Ia.

HOW TO MAKE A DOLL HOUSE

So many little girls see and admire the expensive doll houses and furniture they see in the city stores, and oh, how they wish Santa Claus would remember them on Christmas with a two story house, filled with all kinds of cute little furniture, even to a piano. I am going to tell them just how a little fairy popped in and told me that with nimble fingers and a little patience and a little paste, that I could get more pleasure out of a doll house I could make than I ever would out of the most expensive outfit I might find tucked under my Christmas tree. Did you ever make furniture out of cardboard boxes? If you never did, you do not know how much fun one can realize. I am the only child in our

home and it takes up my time while not in school to do things like this. First I made a raid on the drygoods and shoe stores and got all the cardboard boxes they would give me. I took a small drygoods box for the living and dining rooms and for the bedrooms I used the large shoe boxes, arranging them on their sides, one above another so as to look like two stories. I tacked them together to make them solid, so that they could be moved without any trouble. Then I used the small boxes and covers to make the furniture. My father had some old safety razor blades which I used to cut out the windows and furniture. I used my water colors to outline the windows and furniture. Take some small figured wallpaper and line the walls of each room, or if you are handy with the brush, just paint a small figure on each wall. Plain oatmeal wallpaper makes good rugs. I just painted a small design around each one, and they looked quite natural. Empty spools make good pedestal tables. Cut a circle of cardboard and paste one spool on top of the other. Paste cardboard to the top spool and there you have a table fit for a king to eat from. Silver paper makes good mirrors for the dressing tables. Take small shoe box covers, paste on strips of cardboard for legs and there you have a bed fit for the fairies to sleep in. Do you believe in fairies? I do. I read so many books of fairy stories that I imagine all good children ought to believe in them. So, if you believe in fairies and have a happy disposition, you can accomplish almost anything—certainly you can make a doll house like mine.

Francys Huckleberry, Conneaut, Ohio.

The Editor is sorry she could not print the attractive snapshot Francys sent of herself and her doll house.

A SMALL DOLL'S DRESSER

Take the top of a medium sized hairpin box and cut a hole in the front large enough to put a safety match box in for a drawer. Then take a piece of cardboard 3 inches long, and 1½ inches wide and glue an oblong mirror on it in the middle (you can get a mirror at the 10 cent store for a few cents). Then glue the cardboard to the back of the box and this makes an inexpensive dresser for your small doll. I would advise you to use a flowered box. You can paste a piece of the box, cut from the front, to the drawer, and make a handle to pull it out by. My address is 122 S. 6th St., Pasco, Wash., and if any of you will write to me, I will tell you how to make other kinds of furniture.

Louise Sechanno, Pasco, Wash.

WILL YOU HELP US SPREAD GOOD CHEER



T this season of the year hundreds of subscriptions to Little Folks expire, and because subscribers have outgrown the magazine they do not order it for another year.

This makes it necessary to add new readers to our list to take their place. It would help the publisher very much if every subscriber would do as one did a few days ago. She wrote as follows:—"I have outgrown Little Folks, but I have enjoyed it very much, so I send you a new subscriber to take my place."

When you outgrow Little Folks it would be nice of you to do this same thing, but you do not have to wait until you stop taking Little Folks to spread good cheer among the children all over the country. You can do it this very minute by writing below the names of your friends who are of the right age to take the magazine.

Will you help your publishers by doing so right now and mailing the list to

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, - Good Cheer Dept., - SALEM, MASS.

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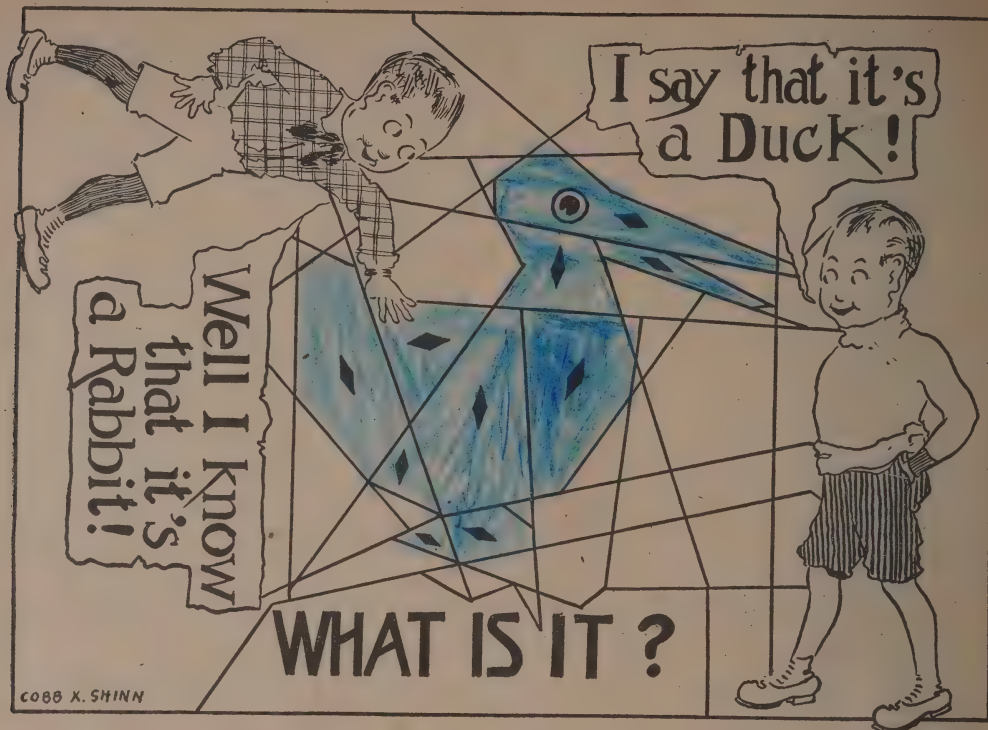
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SOMETHING TO PUZZLE YOU

BY COBB X. SHINN

NOW, my little reader, what do you say it is? If you will take your crayons or paints and fill in the spaces that have a dia-

mond in them you will see why each one of the boys thinks he is right, and you can decide with which one you agree.

SOMETHING TO GUESS

ASK YOUR FRIENDS

When is a black dog not a black dog? When he's a grey-hound.

What is it that to which, if you add a syllable, will make it shorter? Short (shorter).

What animals are in the clouds? Rain, dear (reindeer).

When did Moses sleep five in a bed? When he slept with his forefathers.

What letter in the Dutch alphabet will name an English lady of title? A Dutch S (duchess).

What is that which shows others what it cannot see itself? A mirror.

When does a little girl eat music? When she has a piano for tea (pianoforte).

How many sticks go to the making of a crow's nest? None; they are all carried.

When is a rose like a book? When they are read (red).

Why is a tight shoe like an oak tree? Because it produces acorn (a corn).

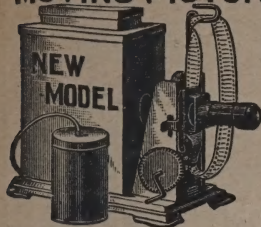
What is a man like who is in the middle of a river and can't swim? Like to be drowned.

Why are weary people like carriage wheels? Because they are tired.

Why is a joke like a chicken? Because it contains a merrythought (wishbone).

Why is music like an icy sidewalk? If you don't see (C) sharp, you will be (B) flat.

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SOMETHING FOR MOTHERS AND FATHERS

YOUNG Bobby Brown took Little Folks, 'Long with his sister, Jean, And both of them declared it was Their fav'rite magazine.

Now, Little Folks had been their friend For many a happy day, Since Brother Fred had taken it, And so had Sister May;

And, truth to tell, for several years Had Browns, both great and small, Enjoyed this good magazine, Its stories, verses and all.

Grandma Brown and Grandpa Brown, For story-telling times, Found nothing else would do as well As its good tales and rhymes.

Said Father Brown and Mother Brown, "It's such a help, you see! It keeps the children occupied When we must busy be!"

And Teacher-Cousin Lou declared, "It's such a help in school, That in our lessons and our play Its use we've made a rule."

And Bob and Jean we know right well Loved Little Folks. How could A child who took it, fail to love A magazine so good?

We think there must be many 'Browns' Who Little Folks enjoy, More teachers, parents, grandparents, Its uses who employ.

'Twould interest us very much, Help Little Folks as well, If all such folk who call it 'friend' Would their enjoyment tell.

So won't you take the time at once To write to us and say That Little Folks had helped your child And in what special way?"

And Little Folks this favor will In its own coin repay, By giving you its best, which is Improving every day!

Address all letters to

THE EDITOR, LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, Salem, Mass.

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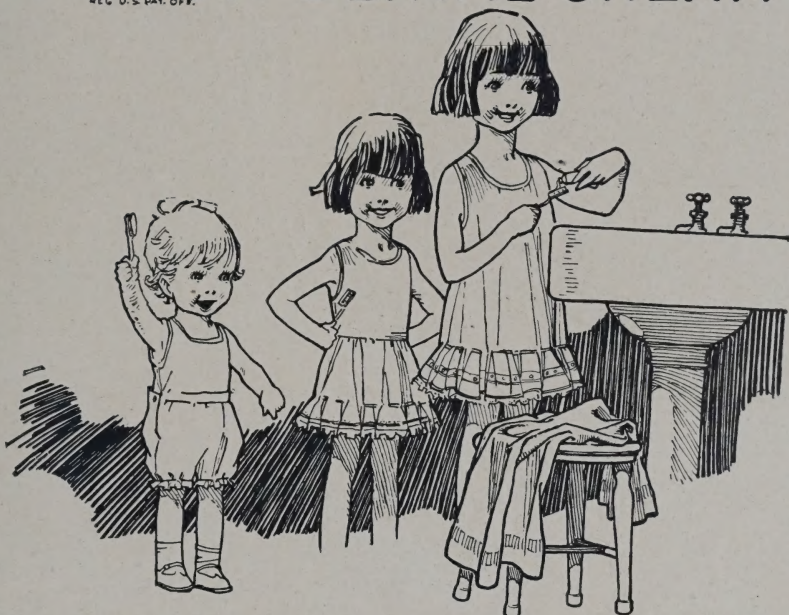
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Be sure to use Colgate's every night and morning. More dentists recommend it than any other dentifrice.

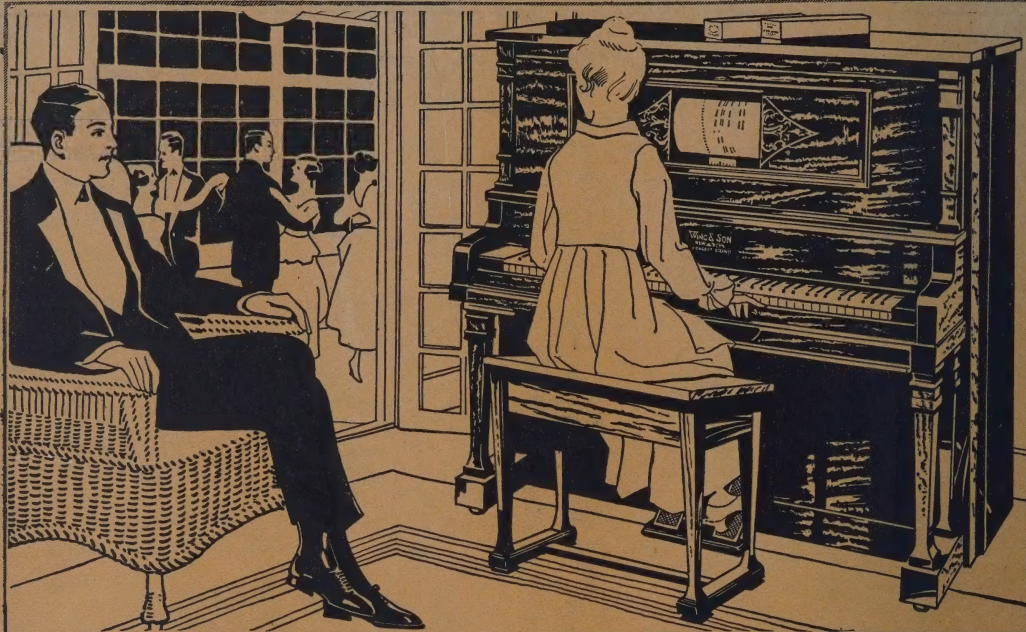


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